



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1804.

M O R A L I S T.

[Selected for THE HIVE, from Sturm's Reflections.]

SPRING. [No. II.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE SPRING.—(concluded.)

THE leaves of trees and plants also, common as they are, and of how little value soever they may seem, form, at this season, one of the beauties of nature; our impatience to see them, and our joy when they appear, prove sufficiently that they are a great ornament to our gardens, fields and woods. This, however, is the least of the advantages which arise from leaves.

The nourishment of plants and trees proceeds, in a great measure, from their leaves, which imbibe moisture, and receive those refreshing dews, that falling upon the upper leaves, water those beneath them, and thus none of the nourishing juice is lost. Leaves also contribute to the preservation of those buds of trees, which are to shoot in the following year, for the eye of the bud is already under the leaf and is guarded and preserved by it; as we see many trees wither and die, when their leaves are gathered.—This should teach us that the least of God's works has been planned with wisdom; that there is not a single leaf which is a mere ornament, but that they all contribute to the fruitfulness of the earth, and the support of its inhabitants.

Another pleasure attending the return of Spring, is, that 'the time of the singing of birds is come:' the soft air of the Spring awakens the winged songsters, the variety of whose music charms the ear, and fills the soul with a sweet and a serene pleasure. The splendid inhabitants of the air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart, and please the fancy; the brightest colours; the roundest forms; the most lively manners; the sweetest music: They enliven our walks; and throughout all the retreats of retirement, fill our hearts with gaiety, and give harmony to meditation.

Another advantage arising from the Spring, is, that it furnishes us with an opportunity of observing the industry and la-

bors of the bees. Bees have been the theme of the poet, the legislator, and philosopher; they have been considered as emblems both of public and private virtue; of subordination, ingenuity, and of a diligence which is not only uncommon, but, perhaps, unequalled. They appear as soon as winter is past, and, even before the juices of those flowers which begin to blossom have been sufficiently ripened to furnish honey, gather some little food; but their cares and activity increase, as the season advances; they do all they can, and despise not small gains, if they can increase their stores a little. They prudently lay up provision for the winter, knowing that they can gather no more when the season of flowers is past; and having then no resources for subsistence but such as they have already collected.

But it is not sufficient that we admire the activity of these little creatures; it ought to inspire us with emulation, and serve us as a model. There are, indeed, no insects around us which can afford us more pleasing, or more useful, lessons. Insignificant as they may seem, we may learn from them virtues on which the happiness of our lives greatly depends. A *hive* is a school to which many of the human race ought to be sent. All the virtues are conspicuous in the bees; they are never idle, and all labor for the public good; they live in union and harmony; are strictly united and perfectly happy; they enrich themselves without robbing others; and are all obedient and submissive to the laws of the community. If we compare human societies with this, we must blush and be ashamed; particularly if we recollect that we have much stronger reasons for the performance of our duties than these insects; as the fruit of our labors extends not to days and years only, but to eternity.

This season of the year seems peculiarly formed for piety. That cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from a survey of the beauties of nature, is an admirable preparation for gratitude; and it seems reasonable to suppose that each field should be to us a temple, where we should offer up to our Creator praise and thanksgiving; where each thought and each action should tend to his glory, and thus convert a common walk

into a morning or an evening sacrifice. But we daily see the ingratitude of man to his heavenly benefactor. Yet how is it possible for us, at this season, to forget our Creator, who shews himself to us in each blade of grass and each flower of the field; who addresses himself, in the mild and persuasive language of renovated nature, to our senses, our reason, and all our faculties? Let us listen to her language and we shall never be insensible or ungrateful. When we find ourselves pleased with the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we are indebted for all this entertainment; who it is that openeth his hand and filleth the world with good. We shall never truly enjoy this season, until, by fixing our attention on the works of the Creator, we learn to trace out his power and goodness; and to be careful not to make a bad use of the blessings of Spring, by indulging pleasures which lead to folly and sin.

Yet Spring, though the season of hope, supplies us also with images of frailty and death, which are connected with almost every beauty of nature. Spring is the season in which plants receive a new life; and in which most of them perish. We see the trees full of blossoms, and abounding with beauties: but all these shewy ornaments will die in the same season which gave them birth. Let every one, in these blossoms, behold an image of himself; and recollect, that of those days of youth, which we call the Spring season of life, nothing but a melancholy remembrance remains, unless he has made a good use of them.

But, although these thoughts ought to make us serious, we should notwithstanding enjoy both the Spring of nature and the pleasures of life, as they are bestowed upon us by our gracious Creator: mixing, at the same time, with these enjoyments, such reflections as arise from the nature of spring and of life. The thought of death is very consistent with every innocent pleasure; far from causing melancholy, it should teach us to rejoice in the Lord; should guard us against a bad use of earthly pleasures, and inspire us with a desire of uninterrupted and everlasting happiness.

Lastly, let us recollect, that, as the flow-

ers which we so much admire in the Spring, were once coarse and ungraceful roots ; but, in their appointed time, bloom, delight our senses, and adorn the earth with an infinite variety of charms ; this affords us a beautiful representation of the state of our reanimated bodies ; which, although, whilst in the grave, an object of horror, will experience at the resurrection a most astonishing change ; that which "was sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory ;" the corruptible will be put on incorruption ; the mortal be clothed with immortality ;" and shine as the brightness of the firmament in the new Heavens and the new Earth, where an unfading Spring flourishes, and will continue to flourish through the ages of eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

"Your credit keep, 'tis quickly gone,
"Gain'd by many actions, lost by one."

NOTHING is more dear to man than his reputation. Nothing contributes more essentially towards promoting real comfort and happiness in his intercourse with the world. Of what inestimable value, then, is reputation to man ; since it forms the only sure basis upon which he is to erect the temple of his future fame and felicity. In short, it is the most precious attribute which he possesses ; for, by it he becomes a useful citizen and a good christian—without it, he loses the very essence of his nature, together with the end of his being. To preserve inviolate, therefore, this choicest and best of possessions, ought to be the chief study of life ;—for, by its purity we can alone expect a continuance of it. But, alas ! how very lamentable it is, that even the spotless mantle of innocence is often found unable to protect character from the rude shafts of cankerous slander. Often, indeed, have virtue and innocence been trodden underfoot by this most detestable of vices ! How often has the fate and character of an absent person, or the reputation of some poor, forlorn stranger, been decisively decided, if not materially injured, at the tavern, over a bottle of wine ; or, as more frequently happens, by a set of "tea-table gossips," over their "cups of tea ;"

"Where folly graces every theme,
And slander serves for sugar'd cream,"

The foregoing description of persons conceive it beneath them to think at all : careless as to the embellishments of the mind, their sole delight is in "laughing from house to house," and decrying the character of others ; for, strange as it may seem, such is the disposition of many of them, that they cannot endure the idea of others possessing virtues which they, themselves, were either too giddy or too negligent to acquire.

What can be more disgusting and insipid to a mind of sensibility, than to be obliged, through "*common politeness*," to sit and hear our modern tea-table chat ; which, too often, consists in a continued strain of detraction and declamation at the expence of some absent person. The most stupid criticisms, the grossest misrepresentations, and the most ill-natured abuse, form the only "fashionable" topics of conversation ;—and you will be considered as a reserved kind of being, unless you can not only contribute your quota, but also subscribe to every word they say ; and, if you happen to dissent from them in any one instance, it is ten to one but an opportunity will be taken, in your absence, of stripping you as bare of virtues as themselves.

What the motives of such characters are, I do not pretend to determine : but, certain it is, that their mode of conduct can be productive of no good whatever to society ; for, its evident tendency is to set individuals, as well as families, at perpetual variance.

No injury that man can be subjected to, can be compared to that which results from the loss of character. "He that steals my purse (says the immortal Shakespeare) steals trash,—'tis something, nothing,—'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands—but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but leaves me poor indeed." Reputation is a tender flower, slow of growth, and the result of an unremitted toil of many years—yet it may, in some measure, be easily blasted by the slander of some envious, unfeeling wretch, who, coward-like, secretly strives to destroy the reputation of another, with a foolish hope of establishing his own.

It is, however, a pleasing consolation to injured innocence, that although it may be, for a time, suffering under the vile aspersions of slander, yet it cannot be totally overcome ; for, the happy period will arrive when it will finally triumph over the malevolence of its revilers, and rend the flimsy veil which malice and envy had thrown over it.

SENECA.

ON NEATNESS.

"Order is Heaven's first Law !"

NEATNESS THE SECOND

ORDER is the handmaid of neatness—see the order of the neat husbandman, his well-stored barns, his well-swept thrashing-floor, his entire fences, his well-finished house ; every thing about him is thriving. See the correct merchant, whose goods are arranged in an order most pleasing to the eye, whose store is neat, and whose books are written carefully without a blot. See the lawyer, whose library is in the most correct order, and who, in an instant, can lay his hand on any paper of moment. See the

young lady, who, resolved that her dress shall be kept with care, and retain its beauty, always has it ready for use, and together, Go into a school, where the scholars are neat, silent, obedient, and industrious, under the care of a master, their books, all correct and entire.—Can any thing be more pleasing than this combination of order and neatness ? and with what ease may it all be compassed by a single resolute exertion : how perfectly may it prevail, in all our schools, and how numerous must be the advantages resulting from it ? Neatness is as important in the country as in town ; for the practice is not to be dictated by the probability of our being seen, but by the principle of being always fit to be seen. Masters being highly interested in this arrangement, will feel every inducement to give example as well as precept, and so arrange all the business, as the scholars, feeling the influence and benefits of order, shall be induced to that neatness, without which it cannot be preserved.

To preserve this, a strict observance of hours, should be observed ; the business laid out, so that all may understand it ; every thing conducted with a persevering slowness ; particular days or hours appointed for speaking, or any other particular pursuits ; privileges allowed to those who excel, unless they have appeared slovenly, or neglected the known order of the school.

These arrangements, with many others of a like kind, have been found practicable in every respect ; and in the schools where they have been critically adopted, scholars have improved rapidly, to the great satisfaction of masters, parents, and the public.

Let it ever be remembered, that if we would cultivate neatness, order, diligence, virtue or religion, the seeds sown in the spring of life, are most likely to take deep root, and bring forth abundance.

REMARKABLE.

EXTRAORDINARY HERMITAGE.

AT a distance of a league from Freyburg, in Upper Saxony, in a wilderness of woods and rocks, is a remarkable hermitage, consisting of a church, an oratory, a steeple, a hall, a dining room, a kitchen, chamber, stairs, a cellar, a well, and other conveniences, all hewn out of a rock ; even the chimney and steeple, notwithstanding the latter is fifty-four feet high. A work like this cannot fail of filling the mind of every spectator with astonishment ; but when it is known that this work was wholly performed by only one man and a boy, the astonishment will be greatly increased—Nature indeed had provided a chrystal spring, but the artist, by means of several channels, conveyed the water from the rock into small reservoirs ; and he also fetched from different parts of the mountain, earth sufficient to

make a small kitchen garden. Every one must be pleased at the sight of this surprising curiosity; nor is it possible to suppress a sigh for the fate of its unhappy and ingenious architect; who in the year 1703, in conveying back some young people, who had attended the consecration of his little church, was unhappily drowned in the River Seine, which runs near his hermitage, and on which, by the help of a small boat, he used every week to fetch provisions and other necessities from the cities.

REMARKABLE CRIPPLE.

THERE is now living in the parish of Edham, the birth place of the immortal poet Thompson, a young man eighteen years of age, who was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day labourer, but has been dead for some years. He sits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himself to read, write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil, although one of his arms he cannot lift to his breast, and he attempts poetry. He is, notwithstanding the want of exercise, very healthy, always cheerful and contented, tho' his support entirely depends on the wages of his younger brother, who is a servant to a respectable farmer at Edham. He is very grateful to any person who lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays the least attention to him.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

DONALD ARCHER, a grazier near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service the animal performed with the utmost vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he could not be found.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighboring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it was prudent to go, that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to

a door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated in a room that wore but a very indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with every degree of surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at so unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home.

After a short conversation with the landlord, he was called to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller revolved in his mind, the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed; and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavored to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, that seemed to flow out of a closet which was secured by a lock, which he attempted to explore but could not open it. Not any longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches in whose society he had got, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible; and to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliverance. With this determination he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction: he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons, whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intentions. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him, for that purpose. Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavors to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in among them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortun-

ately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran, until the day light presented a house, and the main road, at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen, to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party, that were quartered upon him; the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier, in search of the house in the wood. On entering the house, they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who has since been advertised through all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire place, with his feet, in such a manner as raised the curiosity of all present; the sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck, by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus, was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

Lancaster, May 9, 1804.

MARRIED, on Monday evening last, by the Reverend Mr. Clarkson, *Richard Smith*, Esq. of Huntingdon county, to Miss *Latetia Cokely*, of this borough.

[It would seem by the following card, which we copy from a Baltimore paper, that the capricious damē, called *Fashion*, has been playing some pranks with the boots of the beaux in that city, which are as yet unknown to us. We republish the article for the purpose of cautioning our readers against alarm, in case they should see a pair of toes, such as described, entering our city from the southward.] G. U. S.

MR. DOBBIN, A CARD.

SIR—I BEG leave through the medium of your paper, to apologize to the proprietor of a new-fashioned pair of boots, the toes of which my carriage ran over last evening in Market-street; the gentleman himself standing some distance up Gay-street, was not observed until it was impossible to prevent the accident.

N. B. Gentlemen wearing those boots, should be cautious how they extend their toes across the streets, as they may be the means of upsetting carriages and dislocating limbs.

POETRY.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

[FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. 'COLON AND SPONDEE.']

Mr. McNeill, the author of the popular and moral poem, the Scaith of Scotland, composed, on a melancholy occasion, the following, which he, who has a taste for the pathetic, will hardly peruse with indifference. The closing stanza will remind the reader of that picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, where the judicious artist, in despair lest painting should fail to present parental anguish, involves in the folds of his robe the face of her afflicted father. [P. Fol.

DONALD AND FLORA,

A Ballad on the Death of a Friend, killed at the Battle of Saratoga, in 1778.

WHEN many hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away

Sad'ning to Mora :

Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow :—

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast—
Haste then, O Donald, haste !

Haste to thy Flora :

Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?"
Maids cry with taunting sneer,
"Say, is he still sincere,
To his lov'd Flora?"

Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone,
Ah ! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless on Mora.

Come then, O come away !
Donald, no longer stay !
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah, sure he ne'er could be,
False to his vow and me !—
Oh, Heavens, is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora !

"Never, O wretched fair,"
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
"Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora !

Cold as yon mountain snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low,
He sent me to sooth thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain ;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British Glory !
But, ah, though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory,
Youth, love, and loyalty
Fell far from Mora.

"Here, take this love wrought plaid,
Donald expiring said,
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping on Mora :
Tell her, O Allen, tell
Donald thus bravely fell,
And in his last farewell,
He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out poor Flora !
Ah, Donald ! ah, well-a-day !
Was all the fond heart could say,
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

ODE FROM ANACREON.

[MOORE'S TRANSLATION]

OBSERVE when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky ;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep ;
And when the rosy Sun appears,
He drinks the Ocean's misty tears.
The Moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking !
Since Nature's gen'ral law is drinking :
I'll make the law of Nature mine,
And pledge the Universe in WINE !

WHAT IS HONOR ?

NOT to be captious—not unjustly fight,
'Tis to confess what's wrong, & do what's right.

[The following lines of the eminently ingenious and pious DR. DODDRIDGE, addressed to his "Wife's Bosom," are a more forcible plea for marriage, than are a hundred libertine arguments against it.] Bal.

OPEN, open, lovely breast,
Lull my weary head to rest ;
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,
Balmy antidote to care.
Fragrant source of sure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of rising day,
Always constant, always gay !

In this gentle calm retreat,
All the train of graces meet ;
Truth, and innocence, and love,
From this temple ne'er remove.
Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine ?
Wonder, gratitude and joy,
Blest vicissitude ! employ
Every moment, every thought,
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous breast,
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,
A nobler seat I call my own.
Here I reign with boundless sway,
Here I triumph night and day ;
Spacious empire ! glorious power !
Mine of inexhausted store !

Let the wretched love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open, balmy breast,
Into raptures waken rest.

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